

P.H.S.



The Student's Pen

October, 1936

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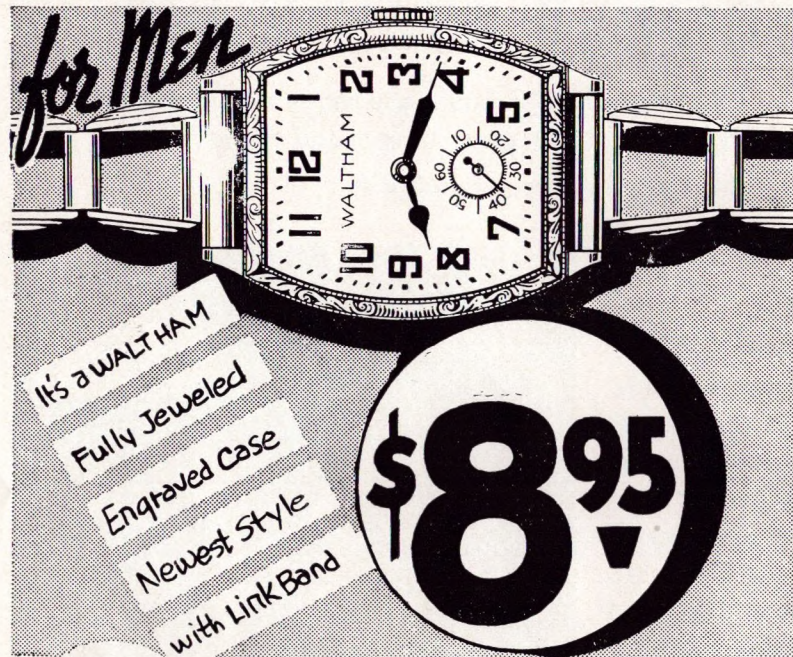
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THE STUDENT'S PEN

FOUNDED 1893

Published Monthly by the Students of Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts

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HIGHWAYS

By Isabelle L. Sayles

*The highways differ.
The best are those with firm foundations
And a smooth surface.
They stretch before you,
A satin ribbon,
Winding lazily away into the distance.
The ones I like are those
With twists and turns, hills and valleys,
And here and there a quiet nook,
Where you can stop and watch the world
Rushing madly nowhere.
I think our lives resemble
Highways.*



On the Editor's Desk



REMEMBER 'THE PEN'

By Richard F. Lacatell

HAS P. H. S. forgotten THE STUDENT'S PEN? The editorial staff believes this is true because students have failed to cooperate in making THE PEN the literary and financial success that it should be.

In the past the responsibility of putting out a magazine has rested on the shoulders of the few members of THE STUDENT'S PEN Club. Each person has had to keep in mind the fact that if he should fail to do his part for a single issue, a blank page in the magazine threatened.

This year the staff is making an effort to secure not only new members for its club, but also many contributions from students who have talent for writing but who do not wish to join the club. We are wondering why you who have the ability fail to make the most of it. Certainly the work is interesting.

Recently one of our staff, assigned to write an editorial, set out to get all the information on the topic. During the attempt to carry out the assignment he interviewed two teachers and the Registrar of Deeds. With the Registrar he searched the Registry for a certain deed, and pored over a history of Pittsfield and several newspapers. Then came the task of writing the article and finally the appearance of his name at the head of a printed page. Interesting? You can be sure that the young man became so absorbed in the assignment that it ceased to be work and became a real pleasure.

If THE STUDENT'S PEN does provide interesting and valuable experience, the same spirit that sends a hundred and fifty boys out for the football team should encourage a hundred or more to contribute to their magazine. Two out of three boys trying for the team expect to be "cut", but they are willing to make an attempt. Why does not the same hold true for THE PEN? You have even more chance of winning recognition here.

All who have talent, make it a point to contribute something to THE PEN. Help us to secure enough material so that we can set a standard and accept only work that measures up to that standard. Take as much pride in your magazine as you do in your athletic teams. A good magazine is as much an advertisement for the school as a good football team.

Then there is another way to help THE PEN. If you will not exert a little effort to support THE PEN as far as actual writing is concerned, a little common sense should convince you that the nickel collection is a wise investment. Where can you get more for a nickel than admission to a football, basketball, or baseball game nearly every week in addition to a magazine that is as good as you care to make it? At Springfield we paid half a dollar to see the game against Agawam. In junior high we paid twenty cents for the school magazine. You will agree that your

nickel is a good investment, but only six hundred out of seventeen hundred students will give the nickel. You athletes, in particular, should "pay your way." We find it hard to believe that it is school spirit alone that makes you play football. Do you not go out for the team because you enjoy the game?

It is not too late to start paying your nickel a week. Neither is it too late to contribute material to THE PEN. Let us start now to show that P. H. S. does "remember THE PEN."

THE SOPHOMORES

By Alexander Jarvie

SEVEN HUNDRED strong you have arrived within our gates, Sophomores. Seven hundred of you—the largest and yet the weakest of our classes. This is where you stand in Pittsfield High School today.

How you stand tomorrow depends entirely on yourselves. Lift the name of your class from the mire into which each new-coming division falls and raise it to a height never before reached by a Sophomore class.

Go about your preparations quietly, ignoring the hazing and jibes of the Juniors, the aloofness of the Seniors. Forge ahead and flood the school organizations with members of your class until you have won the plaudits and recognition of your upper-classmen. This is the road to a successful high school career.

For the musically-minded, a band or orchestra letter awaits one after a year's service. Our young orators may gain fame in the Debating Club. This very magazine you are now reading needs writers, artists, and what-have-you. A newly-organized Dramatic Club awaits new members. All this and more is open to you, Sophomore—all this besides the field of sport where football reigns king and

HIS MASTERPIECE

By Dorothy Shelton

*He dipped his brush, not once, but oft
Into the colors bold,
And with them worked a masterpiece
Of green and red and gold.
And lest they might grow wearisome
When other eyes should see,
He gave them constant changing powers,
And mixed with them the breeze.*

*The sky that is blue turns often gray
With white clouds scurrying by;
The hill that is green turns sometimes
brown
When the grasses die;
The tree that is yellow will soon turn red
Or crimson or brown or gold;
The wind that is sometime cool and sweet
Is often biting and cold.*

*The artist steps back and surveys His
work,
He hopes it pleases all.
In the corner is the artist's name,
"GOD",
And the masterpiece, "FALL."*

basketball, baseball, track, hockey, golf, and tennis support the throne.

So, Sophomore, take the bit in your teeth and rush forward, elevating your school, your class, and yourself to new heights and fame. Hurdle the obstacles and let no man stop you until you reach the top—The Best.

Literature



BANANA OIL

(A Story in Two Parts)

By Armand V. Feigenbaum

Part I

PROBABLY most of you know that the Chicago pro Reds won the first pro football championship of the world about twelve years ago. What you don't know, however, is that the Reds, counted as a weak team at the beginning of the season, won because of a little, insignificant, almost forgotten banana peel. It's the story of the weirdest football player in modern history. And you had to be either weird or plenty tough to play football in those days when a playful clip on the jaw was considered a legitimate straight arm. It's this way:—

Jazzbo Jippers is out of a job. This is not unusual as Jazzbo has never had a job during the twenty years of his life. At present, when our story picks him up, Jazzbo is skillfully peeling a banana, his favorite fruit, on which Mrs. Jippers has raised him. He munches the fruit and then, with skill that bespeaks long practice, Jazzbo, using a throw that seems to possess unusual strength, tosses the peel onto the crowded sidewalk.

Presently a brute, clad in a striped sweater which jibes well with his face, ambles along with a little man who is graced by the title of being the only football coach who dares to coach the very tough crowd of Chicago Reds which is laughably called a football team. This Behemoth is Butch McGoo, all Ameri-

can tackle for seven years until he was forcibly tossed out of college circles as being too old. Presently he became tackle and captain of the Reds. A huge mass of putty which is humorously deferred to as his nose hides Butch's face, which is not a bad idea, as Butch's face, from his puffy lips through his cauliflowered ears and bullet head, topped by a quarter inch of stubble where he is not bald, is made to scare young infants. Well, as you have suspected, Butch steps on the peel and goes for a ride, finally ending on his ear. When he picks up his huge carcass, we find that his ear resembles a cauliflower a little more closely, and that there is a large crack in the concrete sidewalk which shows how tough Butch is.

"Taught you could rough me up, hohn, punk?" he questions, shoving his very tough face about a quarter of an inch from Jazzbo's. "I tink I will give you de woiks."

As good as his word, Butch goes to work. He starts a fine football tackle. Jazzbo, who is a very inoffensive youth, having been too busy eating bananas during his lifetime to learn the manly art of self defence, starts to shake. Butch smashes him down and deliberately steps on our hero's face. Then Butch slaps our hero into a state of status quo, so to speak. The air seems to be full of pink spots,

and two pinwheels and a bright Roman candle burst inside of Jazzbo's head. Butch, still not satisfied, stands up Jazzbo to tackle him again. Jazzbo, in a daze, puts his hand in his pocket to feel for a banana. His hand emerges with a squashed mass. Jazzbo now gets mad. He will suffer indignities from Butch, but when Butch goes so far as to crush a banana, that makes Jazzbo see red.

He can think of no defence but his throw-away-banana-peel push so, as Butch dives at him, Jazzbo neatly sidesteps and catches the Wheatena-bred monstrosity in what serves for his face, turns him over, and pushes him back. Jazzbo is far more surprised than Butch and, as his legs will no longer carry out their appointed task, he joins Butch on the sidewalk.

But the canny football coach has different plans. He claps Jazzbo on the back, and pours excited torrents of words into our hero's ears.

"Do you know that you've just straight-armed Butch McGoo, best tackle in the pro league? That was a swell piece of work, son, and I hereby offer you a contract with the Reds at fifteen bucks per."

Jazzbo is dazed by the turn of the events and the mention of a larger sum than he has ever seen. Finally he is able to supply the comment that he has never played the game, but such a little matter as this phases the coach not at all.

"You can sock as well as the next one, can't you, son? If you can, you can play football with the pros as good as the next one."

Jazzbo then explains that he is against such a strenuous method of earning a living; in fact he is against any method of earning a living. He wonders if he could sit in a chair and have the players come to him to be straightarmed, but the coach assures him that he can't. He does say that, he, the coach, will personally see to it that Jazzbo can take it easy by providing him with the best pair of brass knucks on the squad.

"But using brass knucks is unethical," Jazzbo says, troubled.

"Grant has captured Richmond and the spirits of '76 can be had for a price," explained the coach. "Also, you are very dumb, in fact the dumbest guy with whom it is my misfortune to have acquaintance. Kindly put your X on the contract and leave all the thinking to me."

So that is why Jazzbo Jippers is now heading for the park of the Chicago Reds. He knocks on the clubhouse door and he sees a little fellow come sailing out of the entrance, leaving the door open in his flight. Jazzbo walks in because he is too scared to run.

He sees eighteen men grouped around a couple of benches. Jazzbo looks from one busted beak to another. He tries to figure out who is the ugliest, but gives up the task. All of the eighteen men were obviously at one time either wrestlers or boxers and are very tough.

Jazzbo mumbles a good bye and turns to slip out the door. The coach, however, sees him and pulls him back.

(to be continued)

A GENTLE HINT

The boring young sophomore and the weary senior were sitting on the veranda in the moonlight. No words broke the stillness for half an hour. She began to yawn.

"I say," she said suddenly, "suppose you had money, what would you do?"

He threw out his chest manfully.

"If I had money," he said with great enthusiasm, "I'd travel."

He felt her warm young hand in his. He closed his eyes and sighed happily. When he looked up again she was gone.

In his hand lay a dime.

OH! MY HAT

By Marie Bradway

WITH a man, his great love may be a favorite hunting jacket or a pipe mellowed by long use, but with me, it's my hat! Every wrinkle and spot on its battered surface is full of memories. Here's the spot that was made the time I was caught in the thunderstorm last spring, and there's the little rent which appeared the time a mischievous fall wind whipped it off my head and sent it flying through the barbed wire fence. Of course, there are hats and hats, but this one is more than that to me.

However, my family apparently doesn't agree with me, and for the past month I have heard such remarks as, "I'm ashamed to be seen with you in that awful looking thing," or "Really, I don't see why you wear such a hat. It's out of style and a complete wreck. A new one would look much better."

My resistance became weaker and weaker, and at last I consented to look for a new hat. Anything to keep the peace. But little did I foresee what a trial it would turn out to be.

On a crisp fall day I walked listlessly along the main street and finally halted before a newly opened hat shop. I spent about five minutes looking absentmindedly at a feathered monstrosity on display in the window, before I gathered enough courage to saunter nonchalantly into the shop with the air of just looking around.

It was a square box-like structure with marble floor, a great many mirrors; red, ultra modern, and very uncomfortable looking chairs; and an abundance of chromium ornaments, but as far as I could see, very few hats. A tall, slim clerk swayed towards me, her narrow heels clicking rhythmically as she came.

"Was there something?"

I gurgled a reply which was evidently taken for the correct answer, for she turned and it was apparent I was expected to follow.

She conducted me to a small room off at the right, opened a deep drawer, and produced a red, a green, and a blue hat.

"I wanted something like my old one," I said hastily after one glance in their direction.

"Oh, no, dearie, that's not your type at all," she declared definitely. "Now this one's much better," and she placed the blue one expertly on my head, giving it a satisfied pat.

But I didn't care for it at all (at least what I could see of it out of one eye, the other being covered by the hat), and she seemed terribly disappointed.

Next came the green one. It wasn't quite so bad as the first one, but I didn't have to disagree with her choice again, because it was too large.

This left only the red one to deal with and red is not one of my favorite colors. This one the clerk cocked at a knowing angle, pushed it a bit here, pulled a trifle there and seemed satisfied that I must accept it.

"My dear, you must—simply must—get this one. It's just made for you," she enthused.

Whenever I am face to face with a determined saleslady who has a forceful glitter in her eye, and who says, "You simply must," do this or that, my resistance melts away—so—I bought the hat.

On the way home I looked in every window I passed to see if it still looked the same. Strangely enough, my family liked it and seemed to think it suitable. But I grew more and more "unfond" of it every time I wore it, and I have gradually returned to my old brown one.

Today the red hat reposes among the moth balls, and except for an occasional remark, my family seems to have forgotten or become tired of arguing, and I am safe for another year. But I have an uneasy feeling that I may not fare so well another time.

A HEAVEN-SENT DELAY

By Isabelle L. Sayles

EASING himself into a narrow chair in his small cubbyhole, Nolan Marshall gazed out of the window and wondered what to do next. Beyond the plate glass he could see the wings of the plane heavily coated with sparkling ice.

Across the cabin he could see the expressionless face of his partner, the co-pilot. Shrugging, he removed his coat and cap and prepared himself for a much-needed and deserved rest.

In this thin upper air the brilliant glare of the sun showed clearly the lines and furrows etched in his tired face, lines around his mouth made him appear younger than ever. . . Impossible to land at Savannah, and that girl, the only passenger left, had a ticket. She'd just get a longer ride—couldn't be helped.

He glanced back into the interior of the plane and met the eyes of the girl in brown. Something taut in her face touched him. Probably scared—or sorry she'd ever left that blond young man who had bid her good-bye in Washington with such tender disposition. Though he had seen thousands of farewells, Nolan had noticed their clinging hands. He had wondered what was forcing her to leave him; they were so obviously in love. Buttoning his coat, he rose and walked down the aisle. Lifting his cap he inquired, "Everything all right?"

"When will we get to Savannah?" she asked, and he noticed her eyes, brown and deep, absorbed in some thoughts of her own.

He sat down. "Sorry. Was Savannah so very important? We're over Florida now. Ice on the wings. Don't worry now! We'll send you back tomorrow."

She looked startled for a moment. Then she smiled, "Just like a melodrama; I'm being taken for a ride."

Darn smart girl, he thought; she wasn't frightened. As a matter of fact she appeared a little bit awed as if something impossible had happened, as though she were strangely relieved.

"I've never known the cold to stay with us so far south before. If Florida doesn't get warmer soon we'll reach Cuba before we can land," he told her smiling. "Ever been to Cuba?"

"I was going this week from Savannah."

"Perhaps you'll beat your own ticket there! Seriously now, will this spoil things for you?"

"Well . . . I was to have been in a wedding today."

"It will just have to go on without you, won't it?"

She thought a minute, "It can't," she said pensively. "I was to have been the bride."

"Good Gosh! Are you going to sue the company or what?"

"No."

How bright and sparkling her eyes were.

"I'll send them all the wedding gifts instead. Could you land in front of a telegraph station? I must send a telegram to Washington."

How Not To Do HOMEWORK

By Dorothy Shelton and Meriel VanBuren

IF you are one of those students who always get their homework done, don't read this. I do not wish to be guilty of corrupting your good habits.

Being one of those students, however, who do not always get their homework done, I can speak with authority on the subject. I usually arrive home just in time for supper, exuberant after having spent an afternoon of complete mental relaxation, only to realize to my dismay that an evening of mental exertion is before me. After supper I sit down submissively to increase my meager store of knowledge. The ringing of the telephone soon disturbs my attempt at studying, and I jump up, pleased to find that the call is for me. It proves to be a "guess who". After about half an hour of pointless conversation, I return reluctantly to my studies.

A short time later my mother addresses me, "Oh, Frances Jane, did you read in the paper that your favorite radio program is starting again this evening?"

"Oh, goody!" I exclaim, "What time? Nine thirty—just a half hour more. I must hurry and finish my homework."

I am just stumbling through my Latin translation, my English and French yet to do, when the ringing of the doorbell puts an end to Cicero's speech.

"I'll go," I inform my mother, thinking that it may be my pet passion. Imagine my dismay when I discover it is only a neighbor, who has come to return Mother's umbrella. As she visits with Mother, I anxiously await her departure. At last she leaves, and, with a sigh of relief, I dash for the radio. The program which I have been anticipating all evening has just begun, and reclining in a comfortable chair, I spend a pleasant hour, all thought of homework completely gone from my mind.

As the hour comes to a close I yawn, and wearily return to my neglected studies. I work furiously for, perhaps, a half hour when suddenly from above I hear the insistent voice of my Mother, "Frances Jane, it's time you came to bed."

"In just a minute, Mother. I've only a little more homework to do," I call back.

Ten minutes later: "Frances Jane, come to bed this minute!" I hear the authoritative voice of my father say. Hastily closing my books, I sing out, "All right, Dad." Thus I go to bed with the intention of finishing my work in the morning.

But, as usual, I oversleep. Scrambling out of bed, I jump into my clothes, gobble my breakfast, grab my books, peck my mother on the cheek, and run most of the way to school. I hurry breathlessly into my home room just as the last bell rings. Sinking into my seat I look about for Betty, who always gets her homework done. I cannot believe my eyes when I see that her seat is empty! What shall I do? How can I finish my homework? I pray fervently that I shall not be called on to recite.

At the close of the day, after having successfully skinned by in all my classes, I return, homework laden, to the home room, resolved that in the future I will get my homework done. As I near my seat, I hear a familiar voice address me. I turn around and behold my pet passion smiling persuasively at me.

"Doing anything tonight, Jeanie?"

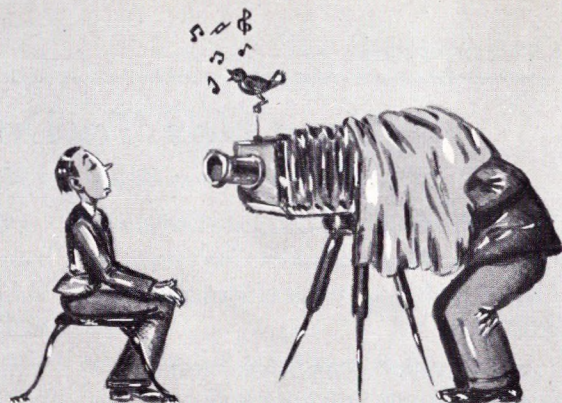
"Nothing in particular, why?" I reply, favoring him with my nicest smile.

"Well, would you like to go to the show?"

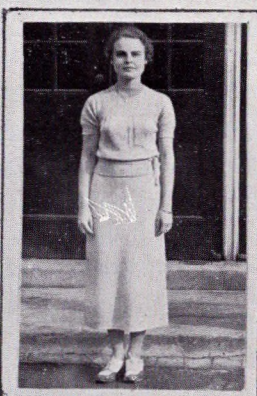
All thought of my newly-made resolution vanishes.

"Oh, I'd be delighted!" I answer.

Who's Who in P.H.S.



Secretary



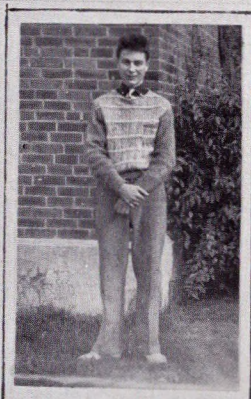
Chairman



Treasurer



Editor



President



Captain

RMT

October, 1936

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And Why

RUTH MACWILLIAMS, *Secretary*

Meet Ruthie—more properly called Ruth A. (for Agnes) but she dislikes it—MacWilliams, the “jotter-downer” (Secretary) of the Senior A class. Member of Tri-Hi and Dramatic clubs—and the “blushing club.” Likes swimming more than any other sport . . . reads in a pine tree for her favorite pastime. Not fond of U. S. History—“although,” says she, “it isn’t bad.” Abhors Clark Gable; longs some day to bake a cake that won’t sag in the middle.

HELEN FITCH, *Chairman*

Her nickname is “Honey” and she lives up to it. She is Helen Fitch, chairman of the Senior Play Committee. At present she wants to invent a curler whose nightly task will not be undone by the following day’s damp weather. She has obtained a license and is keen about driving, but just ask her how she likes to park! Tri Hi member, ardent user of Fitch’s Shampoo, likes football, Virgil, and preeminently corn-starch pudding; however she detests chewing coffee beans.

YOLANDA ANDERNELLO, *Treasurer*

If you are fortunate enough to own a quarter hang on to it for here comes Miss Yolanda Lucia Anderello, popularly known as “Yoys”, and as usual she’s looking for your last month’s dues. Just notice that pretty Senior A Treasurer’s soft even curls and contagious smile. She is fond of football—players, likes bicycling, if it’s downhill, ice cream, and chemistry, but says that biology “gets her”—or is it the teacher?

RICHARD F. LACATELL, *Editor*

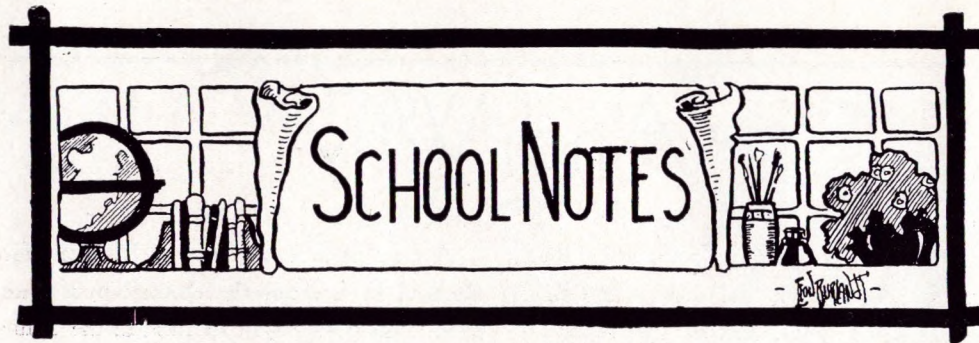
A year as a feature writer has won for Richard F. Lacatell the editorship of THE PEN. This position, in addition to the chairmanship of the Senior A Picture Committee, means that “Dick” has his work cut out for him. Hard to become acquainted with—a real friend when one knows him. Says what he thinks, so is often in “hot water.” His present hobby is THE PEN; his ambition to travel.

JOHN RETALLICK, *President*

John Retallick is the popular president of the Senior A class and the secretary of the Senior Hi-Y—also plays on the school tennis team. He is quite bashful—at times. Objects to having his picture taken and smokes a pipe? ? ? Favors better chocolate pie and fewer women drivers. His favorite pastime is horseback riding—he is a full fledged “cropper”. He hopes he will, sometime, trisect an angle.

RALPH POLITO, *Captain*

This young man is one of the outstanding figures in Pittsfield High School. He is captain of the football team and plays tackle position on the line. Along with being an exceptional athlete, he is what may be termed a “regular feller.” One of his many ambitions is to pass one of Mr. Murray’s history tests. His favorite food is ice cream, and his favorite pastime, blushing. In spite of the blushes Ralph hopes to keep P. H. S. on the football map. Good luck, Ralph.



Robert Jacob

John Cooney

SENIOR A CLASS



Members of the Senior A class are nearing the home stretch. About two more months and they will all be out on their own—the future in their own hands.

Those who will guide the class in the last few weeks are: President, John Retallick; vice president, William Evans; secretary, Ruth MacWilliams; and treasurer, Yolanda Andernello.

Helen Fitch has the pleasure (or is it a pleasure?) of presiding over the play committee, and Richard Lacatell will see to it that each member pays a visit to the birdie man.

SENIOR B CLASS

While the Senior A class is completing its graduation plans, the Senior B class is also carrying out its accustomed duties. Leonard Kohlhofer has been elected for the second time as president of the class, and Howard Gleason will carry out the duties of vice president. Marion Roberts has been elected secretary, and Betty Quirk will gather in the nickels.

RIFLE CLUB

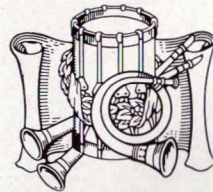
Quite some time ago P. H. S. had a rifle team, but in late years there has been no such organization. A number of boys have suggested that we form a team this year. Mr.

Carmody is willing to help providing a suitable range is obtained for practice grounds. Many high schools have rifle teams and the National Rifle Association has well organized competition throughout the country in this field. Any one who is interested might express his views to either Mr. Carmody or the head of this department.

PRINCESS LECTURES

Princess Nacoomie, Indian violinist and daughter of the famous Chief Tahan, proved a very interesting and entertaining speaker for the first of our fall lectures. She told of many unusual customs of the early Indians and her demonstrations of the Indian sign language proved both interesting and educational.

LARGE BAND



Such an exceptionally large number of students have been rehearsing with the band that it is feared there will not be enough uniforms to go around. There is nothing that can brighten up a football game more than a good lively band, and that's what we want, a band with lots of pep. With a girls' drill team and a lively band with a snappy leader, what more could a school wish for in the way of entertainment? Here's hoping that the band will be out on the field in the near future.

OFFICERS RECEIVE NEW BADGES



Traffic officers throughout the school are now wearing new badges designed by Captain Edward Gebauer. They were made by the girls of the household arts department. For the benefit of the Sophomores and (sorry to say, some Juniors and Seniors) we would like to say that the traffic officers are holders of responsible positions and should command the respect of all. This is something for us to bear in mind.

HOCKEY RINK



Here is good news for you hockey enthusiasts. A large skating rink, approximately 90 by 180 feet, will be built in back of the school. This will enable the boys to have longer hours of practice this year and probably a much better team.

As yet it has not been decided as to who will be the coach.

SKI CLUB



Calling all skiers! Calling all skiers! The first meeting of the ski club will be held Wednesday, November second. All boys are invited to attend. With skiing the most popular winter sport, Mr. Carmody plans to select a ski team that will uphold the honors of the school throughout Berkshire County.

As to the girls—last year you were not allowed to join the boys' club. Perhaps some arrangements can be made this year so that one large club can be formed; but if not, we urge you to form your own club.

NEW FACULTY

BECAUSE of the extremely large class of sophomores that entered our school in September, Superintendent Russell saw need to increase the faculty of Pittsfield High School by adding seven new teachers. There is no time like this for introducing these teachers to you.

Two of the teachers were added to the English Department. These are Miss Rosemary Haylon and Mr. Charles E. Murphy.

Miss Rosemary T. Haylon, a former graduate of P. H. S., has returned to try her luck, this time as an instructor. Being graduated from the College of St. Rose in Albany, N. Y., she has continued her education by taking five summer courses at Boston University. She confesses she has no hobby and no particular likes or dislikes. This, however, remains to be seen. She has taught for two years at Charlemont High School, two years at Crane Junior High and two years at Tucker Junior High.

Mr. Charles E. Murphy comes next. School work seems to be very much in his line. He received a B.A. degree from Holy Cross College, and an M.S. degree at Mass. State College and has taken courses at other institutions. His hobby is music. Likes quiet, and dislikes getting up in the morning. He was a playground supervisor for six years. Before joining the Faculty of P. H. S. he taught at Crane Junior High for seven years.

In the Mathematics Department the new instructor is Miss Marion T. Bulger, a graduate of Westfield State Teachers' College who has completed courses at Columbia, Fordham, and Hyannis. Hobby is golf; likes ?, and dislikes nothing. Before coming to P.H.S. she taught at Woodmere Academy at Woodmere, L. I. and then at Plunkett Junior High.

To our Modern Language Department comes Miss Mary R. Curtin, a graduate of New Rochelle College and McGill University. Transferred to Central Junior High

PITTSFIELD 6—AGAWAM 6

An aggressive Purple and White eleven, playing its first out-of-town game of the season Saturday, October 3, at Pyncheon Park, Springfield, battled a heavier Agawam eleven to a 6-6 deadlock.

Pittsfield scored soon after the initial kick-off when Babcock of Agawam fumbled MacHaffie's punt and "Tiny" Lasch fell on the ball on Agawam's thirty-two-yard line. Pittsfield then staged an uninterrupted drive, using line plays exclusively, to the three-yard marker, from which point Buddy Evans smashed through the Brownies' line for six points. Barnini, attempting a line buck for the extra point, was stopped short of the goal line.

Agawam evened the score midway in the second period. Joe Schinelli, Agawam's stellar halfback, making repeated gains through tackle, brought the ball to the one-yard line, from which point Captain Roberts scored on a cross buck from Babcock. Roberts failed to rush the extra point.

Play in the third quarter found Agawam battering Pittsfield's stubborn forward wall. With the ball deep in Pittsfield territory, Schinelli crossed the goal line after a nice run of nineteen yards. The ball was brought back, however, and Agawam was penalized for holding.

From that point on Pittsfield's defense stopped Agawam's attack, and play in the fourth quarter found Pittsfield making repeated gains through the Agawam line.

Buddy Evans, tackling savagely on defense and smashing the Agawam line for considerable yardage on offense, was outstanding for Pittsfield. Earl MacHaffie, whose long and timely punts continually set Agawam back on its heels, also proved to be of great value to Pittsfield. Schinelli's ball carrying ability made his performance stand out above that of the rest of the Agawam team.

PITTSFIELD 34—LEE 0

The Pittsfield High School gridsters started their 1936 campaign off on the right foot by rolling up thirty-four points against a scrappy Lee eleven. Pittsfield's hopefuls showed plenty of early season power.

Three plays after the opening kick off, the South Berkshire boys were forced to punt. At this point our backs started their series of long drives which were seldom halted. About midway in this period Jake Barnini, our slippery little signal caller, sliced off tackle from the three-yard line for a touch-down. A forward pass intended for Jim Scul-lary failed to net the extra point.

The second quarter saw our backs driving through the Lee forward wall, forcing them back to their own thirty-three-yard line. Here "Bud" Evans executed a perfect end run which netted us another six points. Barnini made the extra point by rushing. Shortly after the half ended with the Purple Elephants out in front 13-0.

The third quarter saw Lee fighting gamely, but our boys had too much power. After about seven minutes of play the ball was resting on the twenty-yard marker. "Bud" Evans again showed the Lee boys some speed by cutting off tackle, reversing his field, and running down the sidelines completely out-distancing the Lee secondary. Again the extra point was converted on Jake Barnini's rush.

Shortly after the beginning of the final quarter, "Lefty" O'Connor plunged for a touchdown from the two-yard line. Barnini converted again by rushing. Pittsfield duplicated this same attack which ended in a touchdown scored by Earl MacHaffie. Quarterback Barnini made his fourth successful attempt at rushing the ball for conversion.

The game ended with the ball in the hands of our scrappy little Sophomore team, the final score being 34-0 in our favor.

WHAT PRICE FRIENDSHIP

By Robert Lord—Edward Gebauer

The Pittsfield High Cheering Squad was welcomed with such cordiality at Agawam that a strong amity arose between the two teams. In return for this courtesy a short note of appreciation was sent to Agawam High.

A brief explanation is needed at this point. Agawam was represented by two teams, one composed of novices, the other composed of two veterans. In the first group, each represented a different letter, thus spelling out Agawam. A contest was in progress to see which squad would represent the school. Here is a copy of the reply Pittsfield received. To the cheer leaders of Pittsfield:

Dear Friends:

Your fine letter was read to the student body in the assembly Thursday, by our principal, and it certainly was greatly appreciated.

We cheerleaders who spelled out AGAWAM were glad to know the way you felt about us, and we must say our liking for all of you was made in our first impressions. You all are splendid sports. It was the first game in which we girls cheered, and we didn't hope it would be our last, but apparently it was as the two girls carried away the honors.

I know you would have received us with a warm welcome if our team had played at Pittsfield.

Again let us congratulate a good and peppy group of cheerleaders.

Best regards to the team.

Your Friends

Priscilla Talmadge	Muriel LePage
Enis Christopher	Katherine Kane
Olida Rossini	Eleanor Tenn

SOCCER TEAM

Many boys who signed up for soccer were disappointed because it was found that no suitable field was available. However, the touch football squad, which has dwindled from sixty to about forty, is still carrying on at the various playgrounds.

GAME GOSSIP

HUBBARD AND MOORE

The game with Williamstown was a good outing in spite of the fact that the weather was slightly unfavorable for a well-rounded picnic . . . Umbrellas were scarce but very noticeable. You could see four or five fortunates under each haven, and it looked as if only a few were keeping any more than their heads dry . . . There were plenty of wet seats, but some people just nonchalantly turned them over or put newspapers on them. Others, who arrived late or who forgot to take this precaution, took it in he-man fashion . . . It was quite a job manipulating your eyes so as to catch glimpses of the game and miss the raindrops. Sometimes you were successful and other times you weren't. In spite of the slippery turf the cheerleaders kept their balance and preserved the cleanliness of their clothes . . . One cheerleader who was absent claimed she did not know that there was a game. Hmm . . . One of Williamstown's diminutive ends seemed lost in his uniform and spent most of his time extricating himself from its intricacies and picking himself up from his many ignominious positions on the ground . . . The teams seemed on friendly terms, for after one play two of the opposing players were locked in what seemed a loving embrace . . . "Sophomores stick together" seems to be the Soph girls' motto, for when the Soph team was on the field they took a new lease on life. Yes, their cheers were fervent and it looks as if the team will have many followers when these boys are regulars . . . The Soph team was fit to be tied when they were relieved by the regulars. The looks on their faces sure betrayed their feelings . . . Some girls are mighty inattentive. One pair, disappointed because everyone around them was standing and blocking their view, began to discuss the movies . . . When Buddy Evans went in for a few plays, everyone thought that he was in to stay; but his lame foot kept him in the role of a sliver mag-

net and not a football player . . . Some people sat there with that far-away look in their eyes as if they imagined a football Utopia where only their own team won. Most of these were Williamstown rooters . . . One gentleman was of the opinion that P. H. S. shouldn't have won because we had bigger, better, and more players. Well, how could we gain a victory? . . . Williamstown did have something to write home about. Their quarterback, Steel lived up to his name by crumbling our line when we didn't want him to and closing it when we wanted it open. Some people just can't be agreeable . . . Jake Barnini brought home the bacon (unsliced) on several occasions with his punt returns. He also sliced the line at opportune moments . . . Something unusual happened in this game. We scored an extra point via the kicking route. This must be a sure sign of a good team when this rarity occurs.

HOCKEY

By Joseph W. Farrell, Jr.

A group of Pittsfield High School hockey aspirants have been going about the school getting students to sign a petition for a hockey rink. This petition, which will be submitted to Superintendent of Schools Edward J. Russell, states that the hockey players will keep the rink clear and help the WPA workers in flooding it.

In former years the sextets that this school turned out have been very successful considering the chance that has been given them. But due to lack of practice and sufficient proper equipment, they were not able to put on a brand of hockey that is usually expected from a school of this size.

Five years ago hockey was organized for the first time. Several of the students organized themselves, bought their own equipment, and succeeded in getting Fred Beardsley to be their coach. After two successful seasons under Coach Beardsley, the boys found themselves without a coach as this mentor was

forced to resign. Saverio "Sub" Chiodo succeeded him. He also worked very hard for two years to keep a good team on the ice.

During the 1935-1936 season Charles C. Knight, principal of Crane Junior High School, went to work with the puckmen. Mr. Knight, who formerly coached major sports at P. H. S., turned out a sextet that gave several good teams a run for their money.

For their five years the pucksters have been forced to walk down to Deming Playground for practice sessions where they were permitted to use this rink only two or three times a week.

The 1936-1937 season should be the most successful that this school has ever had. Some last year's veterans will return and many sophomores of considerable ability have already signified their intentions of turning out.

We hope that the student body of Pittsfield High will get behind these hockey hopefuls and give them a world of support.

INTRAMURAL ACTIVITIES

A touch football league consisting of five teams from different sections of the city has been organized under the direction of Coach Carmody. There are two teams representing the Dorothy Deming playground, one each from Crane, Pitt and Clapp playgrounds. After two weeks of preliminary contests the teams will be organized into a tournament with games on the Common every afternoon at three-thirty. At the completion of the touch football schedule, an intramural basketball league will be formed.

The purpose of these intramural activities is to give to those boys, who aren't qualified for varsity sports a chance to participate in actual competition.

Leaders' class for the aspiring gymnast will begin in the near future under the direction of Coach Carmody. Meetings will be on Wednesday and Friday afternoons after school. Watch for the bulletin notice.

GIRLS' SPORTS

By Mary Atkinson and Mary McMahon

THIS FALL, as usual, the capable directors of the Girls' Physical Education Department have conceived a program in which every girl should find something to interest her. And judging from the crowds pouring into the gym after school sessions, the program has been well received. Right now one can choose the sport she intends to excel in: track, hockey, and later on basketball and bowling. The Seniors can add archery to their list of sports.

AFTER CHRISTMAS, basketball enthusiasts can frequent the gym to perfect their ability in the popular hoop game. And P. H. S. girls can haunt the bowling alleys once more and try to attain an encouraging score.

UNFORTUNATELY, Juniors and Sophomores will have to wait a year or two before they turn into feminine Robin Hoods and indulge in archery, for as yet the Seniors are the only ones who can participate in this particular sport. Underclassmen may be able to get a few pointers, however, from watching the versatile Seniors in their tournament to be held during the last three weeks in October.

FROM THE UNUSUAL number of sophomores that went out for hockey and track some really good material should be found. If numbers and enthusiasm count, there should be a highly competitive track meet between the newcomers and the upper classmen in the beginning of November.

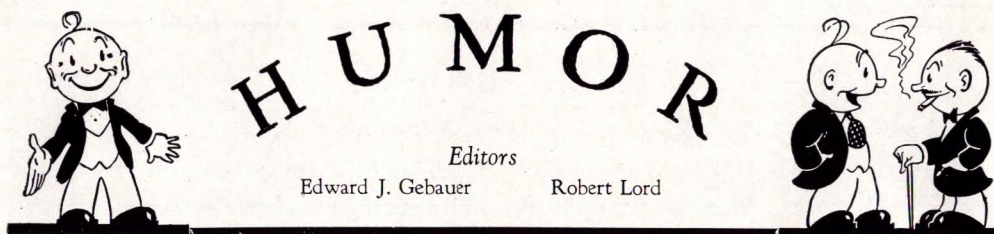
THE EXTREMELY POPULAR social dancing class is scheduled from November to January. Three days a week are to be set aside for this: one each for the Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores. Perhaps after a few introductory lessons, the tea dances will be continued.

MISS McLAUGHLIN will devote one day each week to her interpretative dancing classes. Special interest was shown in this type of dancing at the last exhibition.

HELEN ROARK, holder of the Junior National title in the 220-yard free style championship, will be sorely missed on the P. H. S. swimming team. She has transferred to St. Joseph's High School. Helen is a grand swimmer and could always be depended upon for at least ten or fifteen points. Sometimes these points were all that were necessary to make us winners of the meet. However, much as she will be missed, there are still a few that P. H. S. can pin their hopes on. Such veterans as Frances Beitzel, and Erica Palme are still with us. In addition to these and a few others on last year's team we hope there will be new material from the Sophomores. We are already counting on Dorothy Douglas, and the Devanny sisters, Mary and Anne, to complete our team.

SQUAD LEADERS have already been selected from the various classes. These girls have a regular class after school, in which they become proficient in the use of the gymnasium apparatus.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE we are going to try our hand at advising the Sophomores on how to get their numerals, monograms or letters. Most Seniors and Juniors already know how to acquire these attractive emblems, given by the girls' gym department as an acknowledgment of good standing. If Sophomores start early, they too may eventually wear the coveted awards.



Football Coach (to player stretched out on ground)—Are you a contortionist?

Al Holden—No.

Coach—Well, then, you have a broken arm.

* * * *

"I suppose," said the teacher to the boy who was joining the English literature class, "you do not know very much about Tennyson's works?"

"No, Miss, I can't say that I do; though I know most of the factories around this section."

* * *

An optimist is a fourth string football player who still thinks he may get into the game even if the score is tied at the middle of the last quarter.

* * *

Scene: A Latin Classroom.

Time: Middle of a test

1st Student: "What're the principal parts of the verb 'to see'?"

2nd Ditto: "Darned if I know".

1st Stude (writing answer): "darnifino darnifinare, darnifinavi, darnifinatus."

* * *

Teacher (to whispering student): "John, don't you know that 'silence is golden'?"

Fresh Student: "Sure, and I also know that 'Speech is silver' and that we're off the Gold Standard."

Mr. Herberg: "One boy walks through the woods and sees nothing; another boy walks through the woods and *sees* the chirping of the birds, etc., etc. . . ."

My Goodness! What eyesight!

* * *

Is it true that a certain Latin student (a Senior) got back a test paper with the following written on it?

"Feigenbaum, according to this paper the principal parts of that verb should be: Failo, Failere, Flunki, Suspendent."

* * * *

Jane—"You say that Bob will not be able to play in today's game?"

Fullback—"Yep! He flunked in economics."

Bess—"Huh! Well, he took me out one night last week and I thought he was the most economical man I ever saw."

* * *

Teacher—"Have you heard of Julius Caesar?"

Pupil—"Yes, sir."

Teacher—"What do you think he would be doing now if he were here today?"

Pupil—"He would be pulling for old-age pensions."

* * * *

We wonder what would happen to Miss Kaliher's writing if she were to be in Miss Conlan's Class. No "Tapioca" for Miss Conlon, Please!

They're crawling in the windows,
They're crashing through the door
They're falling down the chimney,
They're climbing through the floor;
They're digging through the plaster,
(They've made an awful hole)
That's how the crowds are fighting
To get in the Sugar Bowl!

No foolin', come see for yourself!

Mary O'Boyle

THE SUGAR BOWL

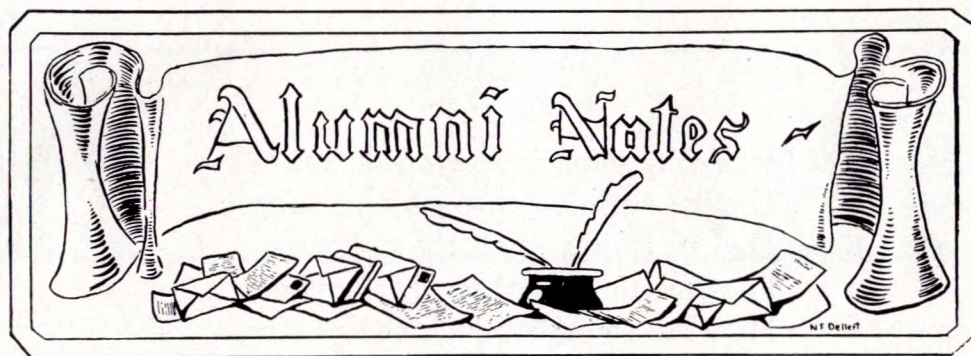
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Sylvia Feinstock

THE CLASS OF 1936 OFF TO COLLEGE

Marjorie Bates	Dickinson Seminary
Hugh Chittenden	University of Syracuse
George Dominick	Oberlin
Helen G y	Mt. Holyoke
Alan Grieve	Taft School
Sanford Head	Taft School
Margaret Hennelly	
Lorraine Millet	College of the Sacred Heart
Grace Morse	Smith
Jeanne Phillips	North Adams Teachers' College
Anna Scelsi	Edgewood Park Junior College
Richard Scharmann	Smith
Stanley Scott	Worcester Polytechnic Institute
Raymond Sears	Oberlin
Daniel Secunda	Holderness School
Fred Stebbins	Juilliard School of Music
Esther Strout	Williston Academy
James Sweeney	Bates
Joseph Torchio	University of Notre Dame
Virginia Wade	Amherst
Kempton Wing	Smith
Allen Zink	University of Rochester
	United States Navy

Miriam Mirmow, a graduate of Pittsfield High School in 1933 with honors and now a Senior at Smith College, has been awarded a Dwight Morrow scholarship, the highest recognition of intellectual ability the college offers, as a result of the high scholastic average she has maintained throughout her three years at college.

Virginia Wade, 1936, recommended by the Berkshire Smith College Club, has been awarded a full tuitional scholarship for one year at Smith College. This scholarship is awarded for high rank in entrance examinations.

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